

Home Sweet Home by fullofwander

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Summary:

Billy gets Steve worked up before school, then teases him all day long.

Part of a series.

Home Sweet Home

Author's Note:

I'm on tumblr @fullofwander.

Steve wasn't sure where he and Billy stood after the house party. Sure, they'd had some sort of emotional moment where Billy had let him see, however briefly, behind his asshole demeanor. And sure, that moment had done some crazy things to Steve's...stomach. His stomach, definitely not his heart.

But the truth is that they still hadn't really clarified what they were to each other. Steve had a hard time reconciling the boy who had said such heartfelt things to him with the one who had essentially beat him unconscious. And Billy was conveniently ignoring that he too didn't get any answers as to why Steve was alone with those kids in the Byers' house (with no Byers in sight).

Both were sidestepping the whole issue of what they were doing together as two boys.

Gay. Fag. Homosexual. Not words Steve had ever had to think about in relation to himself before. Fuck.

So do they just continue on this course, carefully ignoring certain topics and enjoying certain activities?

Sounds like a plan. If Billy can ignore it, I can too.

Steve headed to school that morning with the determination to enjoy whatever happened next without worrying about the future.

Billy was already in the parking lot when Steve arrived, leaning against the hood of his car with a cigarette hanging from his fingertips. He tracked the Beemer as it pulled in, tongue peeking out from between his teeth as he grinned almost genuinely. The morning sunlight glinted off his curls, giving him an ethereal, almost angelic, glow.

Yeah, angelic like the devil.

Steve felt his own lips tugging up in an answering grin.

As Steve got out of his car he watched the other boy tilt his head toward the gym, his countenance turning mischievous. He leaned up from his car and turned in the direction he had indicated, smoke trailing after him like a beacon for Steve to follow.

Steve trailed him around the back of the gym, toward the outside bleachers and their shadows underneath. He felt exposed like this, out in the open. Anyone could walk by and see. It was equal parts terrifying and thrilling, redeemed only by the fact that it was one of the remotest areas of the school.

Billy leaned against a metal strut, hand with the cigarette pressed high. He looked at Steve.

Steve stopped a few feet away, hands in his back pockets, awkwardness seeping into his bones.

“Hi,” he said, persistently at a loss. His fingers itched to touch the other boy. Steve's collared polo felt hot and itchy around his neck, his Members Only jacket too constricting.

“Hi,” Billy responded in a low flirty tone with a brief flash of teeth and a distinct determination to not make this any easier for Steve.

Steve rolled his eyes, suddenly gaining his confidence again.

‘The sight of you first thing in the morning makes my whole day brighter.’

Steve walked up to Billy, stepping into his space and leaning against him, placing one hand on his stomach and the other around his waist. The other boy's shirt was open almost to his belly button, and Steve took aching pleasure in running his hand up the warm expanse of golden skin, the muscles tightening underneath. He ran his hand over the ever-present necklace pendant, up around the back of his neck, and pulled him forward into a kiss.

This kiss was sweeter than some of their others, less urgent or tense. He kissed Billy with languid enjoyment, licking over his lips and tongue, teasing the other boy with sharp nips, knowing they both liked sharing this space. Billy breathed out deep and slow against his cheek, his stubble rasping against Steve's smoother skin and lips. He

turned them slightly so Steve's back was pushed against the strut, their legs slotting to bring their hips together.

Steve broke the kiss and leaned back with tingling lips, breathing hard. He brought a hand down to Billy's ass, pulling the other boy's hips into his and giving his own hips a slow, hard roll. Billy pressed his face into Steve's neck, though he didn't bite this time.

Instead, he started to talk, low and dirty.

"Fuck, sweetheart, you feel amazing. God, your mouth is perfect. Love the taste of it. Wanna wreck it. Love feeling your hands on my ass. Love it when you get desperate. I can feel your cock against me, now. Jesus, babe, that's so hot. Maybe someday I'll get to blow you. Maybe even today," the words were practically dripping in Steve's ear, thick and sticky like honey.

Steve groaned. The feel of Billy surrounding him, whispering to him, was making him ridiculously hard. If he kept talking like that, he might just come in his pants. Again. And the idea of Billy putting his mouth anywhere on him...fuck.

In the distance, they heard the first period warning bell ring.

Shit.

Billy laughed, loud and bright, as Steve scrambled to put himself back in order and book it to class.

Billy was a holy terror to Steve the rest of the day. Every time he turned around in between classes, Billy was walking by and giving him secret little touches -- circling his wrist, squeezing his hip, brushing his neck. Each touch made Steve jump, paranoid that someone had seen and understood what they meant. But they also gave him goosebumps, made him shiver and remember the feel of their cocks against each other's hips that morning.

Billy's eyes and grin followed Steve, taunting him.

Avoiding Billy became his main goal that day, though the reason behind it was wildly different than any other time he'd been avoiding him.

At lunch, Steve watched from across the cafeteria as Billy magically produced a lollypop. He stared in horrified arousal as Billy licked and licked, taking the whole candy in with a deep suck and then letting it pop back out of his mouth. Steve realized his own mouth was hanging open.

It was obscene. Steve glanced around, but no one else seemed to be paying attention.

Billy pretended to be oblivious to the other boy watching him, but Steve caught his eyes flutter his way a few times, grin threatening to curl into something predatory.

Steve was glad for the cover the lunch table provided, and resolved to not move until he had himself under better control.

Basketball practice was the worst, Billy taking the opportunity to grab him and whisper dirty little secrets in his ear at every turn.

‘Fuck, babe, your ass looks fantastic in those shorts. Gonna give me a taste of it later? Gonna let me lick you all over? I want to taste you. Think you can handle that?’

Thankfully, Billy kept away from the more obvious dry humping or grinding. After all, the point of the game wasn’t to actually get caught or humiliate either of them, and these stupid little games had Billy just as worked up as Steve.

Small mercies.

But Billy did corner him in the locker room after everyone had left, one hand on his hip and the other giving Steve’s cock a firm rub through his pants, sharp teeth on display, mouth so close to his own.

“Ready to come yet?” Billy asked with a cocky twist of his lips.

Steve snapped. The teasing touches and whispered words that had kept him pretty much on edge all day long were finally too much for him. He muscled Billy over, pushing him back against the wall and grabbing his own handful of Billy’s already hard dick.

“Ok asshole, you better be at my house in 20,” he said through clenched teeth, fingers gripping just shy of painful. Billy’s eyelids lowered and he licked his bottom lip, bucking up into Steve’s hand before nodding slowly.

Steve turned and marched out, drowning in his own arousal.

Twenty minutes later found Steve pulling Billy into his empty house by the front of his ridiculously open shirt, slamming him against the closed door, and shoving his tongue in his mouth.

Steve was so desperate at this point that he could practically hear his own blood thrumming through his veins, feel the need spiralling deeper and deeper in his stomach. He couldn’t get enough breath. Billy, in his own desperation, grabbed Steve’s hips and began hauling him across the room, licking and panting and moaning into Steve’s mouth.

He tore at Steve’s pants, wrenching them and his underwear down and off, barely giving Steve time to kick off his shoes and socks. Steve landed stretched out on the couch, head smushed between the armrest and a pillow, one leg kind of hanging off still. Billy followed him down, lips landing on a hip bone and trailing across his lower abdomen.

Steve was so hard he ached. He had been teased all day and now he was so close to cumming already he wanted to cry. Sounds tore out of his throat with each swipe of Billy’s tongue.

Billy laved and sucked, bringing up purple marks along his hips and under his belly button. He shouldered his way between Steve's knees, throwing one up over onto his back. He licked the skin of his inner thigh, rasping his stubble against it. Steve squirmed, completely overwhelmed at the sensations, not used to being so open and vulnerable. Usually he was the one taking someone else apart.

One of Billy's hands came up to splay over Steve's stomach. Then he finally took Steve's cock in his mouth.

Billy sucked him like he'd kissed him that very first time -- slow and deep and consuming. He worked the base of Steve's cock with one hand as he slowly moved his mouth up and down the length, tongue and spit seemingly everywhere. He pulled off to take a deep breath, blue eyes coming up to stare at Steve with hunger.

Steve felt devoured; worshiped.

He panted, wide eyed, at the sight before him. Of Billy, between his thighs, staring along his splayed torso like he'd found something tasty and his to keep.

'The taste of your mouth and the feel of your skin makes me believe in things I thought didn't really exist.'

Steve reached a hand down slowly, threading fingers through the blond curls, and pulled Billy back to his cock. Billy's grin curled into something darker, before he took Steve in his mouth again.

He worked hands and lips and tongue along Steve's sensitive flesh until he was a shuddering mess.

"Please, Billy! Billy please!" Steve begged, so close to cumming he could hardly breath. "I'm gonna --"

"C'mon, sweetheart, c'mon," Billy whispered against his skin, laving his tongue against the head before taking him down again.

Steve came, arching hard off the couch with an open mouth, hand still gripping blonde curls. Billy rode it out, keeping firm arms around the other boy and whispering sweet encouragements.

One long moment stretched out into eternity, and then it was over, Steve slowly coming back down into awareness.

Billy levered himself up and hunched over Steve, working his own hard dick as the other boy came down. Steve barely managed to get his own hand wrapped around Billy's length before he was coming over Steve's exposed stomach, mixing his cum with the remainder of Steve's own pleasure.

Minutes later, after cleaning up, the two lay on the couch quietly, content to share the space. Steve didn't know where his pants were, but he felt too content and cared for to do anything about that.

“I like it,” Steve started suddenly, feeling like it was his turn to share something. Billy’s head was laying in the crook of his neck, his body still cradled between Steve’s thighs. “I like it when you call me pet names. Babe. Sweetheart. I’m sorry I’m not very good at reciprocating, though. And...I like you too. Even though you sometimes scare the shit out of me and what we have between us definitely scares the shit out of me. I like you.”

Billy nuzzled into his neck, sucking a bruising kiss into his clavicle.

“Someday we’ll talk about it. All of it,” Billy promised, dark and low, pressing lips to his throat. “But not now.”

“Now,” he started on a lighter note, leaning up to give Steve a mischievous grin. “Was that a heated pool I spotted on my way in?”

Steve laughed an affirmative, pushing Billy onto the floor and fishing for his pants.